

Vol. VIII
of X

By Alan Moore
and David Lloyd



Suggested
For Mature
Readers

FEB 89
\$2.00 US
\$2.50 CAN

V FOR VENDETTA



V FOR VENDETTA™

By Alan Moore and David Lloyd

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"Vincent" in Vol. VII

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V FOR VENDETTA 8

Published monthly by DC Comics Inc.,
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10103
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Printed in Canada.

DC Comics Inc.
A Warner Communications Company

NOVEMBER
5TH, 1998.
THE EAR:

HELLO, MR. ETHERIDGE,
WORKING LATE,
THEN?

I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU'VE
SEEN MR. FINCH
TODAY,
AT ALL?

NO, UH,
DOMINIC...

HAVEN'T SEEN ERIC
SINCE HE, UH, CAME OVER
FOR DINNER WITH, UH,
MRS. ETHERIDGE AND
MYSELF, UH, LAST
TUESDAY.

NOTHING,
UH, WRONG,
I HOPE...

NO, NOTHING
SERIOUS.

SOMETHING JUST CAME
UP... PHARMACY CALLED
TO SAY THEY'D MISPLACED
THE RECORDS FOR SOME
TONIC CHEMICALS HE'D
REQUISITIONED TWO
MONTHS BACK.

THEY
WANTED TO
VERIFY WHAT
HE'D TAKEN, NOW
I CAN'T FIND
HIM.

I WOULDN'T
WORRY, BUT...
WELL, IT'S NOT
LIKE HIM.

HE'S BEEN A BIT
DEPRESSED LATELY
...ABOUT THE TERROR-
IST CASE. JUST SITS
AND READS ALL
THE TIME. PEOPLE
I'VE NEVER
HEARD OF.

SOMEONE
CALLED
KOESTLER.

THAT'D BE,
UH, ARTHUR
KOESTLER.

HE WAS, UH,
THE PRESIDENT OF
SOMETHING CALLED
"EXIT", A GROUP THAT
USED TO CAMPAIGN
FOR, UH, THE RIGHT TO
DIE WITH DIGNITY.

HE, UH,
KILLED HIM-
SELF AS I
REMEMBER.

SO, UH, ANYWAY...
HOW AS THE, UH,
TERRORIST CASE
COMING
ALONG?

HMM? OH...UH, WELL,
THERE WAS THAT
TROUBLE EARLIER
IN THE YEAR, BUT
SINCE THEN...

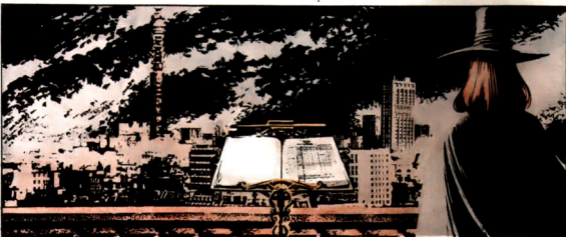
... DEAD SILENCE.

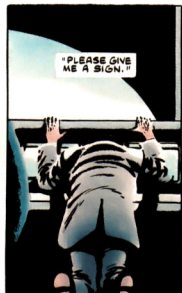
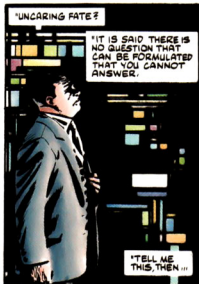
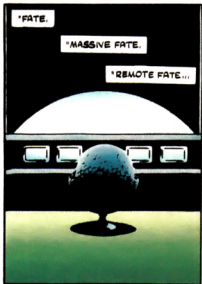
BOOK 3
**THE
LAND OF
DO-AS-YOU-
PLEASE**

1912
Quarterly Statistics

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PROLOGUE:







OH MY GOD.

YOU... YOU AREN'T YOU FINCH'S MAN...



WHAT HAPPENED HERE! WE WERE JUST ARRIVING WHEN WE HEARD THE EXPLOSION...



M-MR. HEYER?

BOMB... I WAS JUST... C-COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING...

MR. ETHERIDGE, SIR... HE WAS WORKING LATE...



ETHERIDGE? WHAT IS HE HURT?

H-HE'S DEAD, SIR.

OH GOD, I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...



UGH, CONRAD, WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU JUST RAN OFF AND LEFT ME!

TH-THERE'S BEEN A BOMB, THE TOWER...



THE EYE AND THE EAR ARE BOTH CRIPPLED! I'VE GOT TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE LEADER STRAIGHT AWAY...

HALF LONDON HEARD THAT BANG. THE MOUTH WILL HAVE TO ISSUE A STATEMENT...



ANOTHER 'SCHEDULED DEMOLITION'? WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE IT AFTER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND THE OLD BAILEY? WHAT CAN THEY POSSIBLY SAY?

I DON'T KNOW, ANYTHING.

AT A TIME LIKE THIS, ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN SILENCE...





MR. CREEDY ON SCREEN TWO. MR HEYER ON SCREEN FOUR, LEADER.



CAN'T IT WAIT?



I... UH, I'M SORRY, LEADER?



NOTHING.

PUT CREEDY ON. HAVE HEYER HOLD FOR A MOMENT.



LEADER...

IT'S JORDAN TOWER. HE'S BLOWN IT UP.

AND THE OLD POST OFFICE TOWER AS WELL. THE EYE AND THE EAR ARE OUT OF ACTION...



BLIND AND DEAF AND UNABLE TO SPEAK...

GET MOBILE TRANSMITTERS OUT ON THE STREETS AT ONCE.

THERE MUST BE NO PANIC, EVEN IF WE CANNOT IMMEDIATELY BROADCAST OUR REASSURANCES TO THE PEOPLE...



THAT'S JUST IT, LEADER. WE CAN'T BROADCAST IMMEDIATELY...

...BUT SOMEBODY ELSE ALREADY IS.

LISTEN TO THIS...



GOOD EVENING, LONDON.

THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE.



ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO TONIGHT, A GREAT CITIZEN MADE A MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COMMON CULTURE.



IT WAS A CONTRIBUTION FORGED IN STEALTH AND SILENCE AND SECRECY, ALTHOUGH IT IS BEST REMEMBERED IN NOISE AND BRIGHT LIGHT.



TO COMMEMORATE THIS MOST GLORIOUS OF EVENINGS, HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT IS PLEASED TO RETURN THE RIGHTS OF SECRECY AND PRIVACY TO YOU, ITS LOYAL SUBJECTS.



FOR THREE DAYS, YOUR MOVEMENTS WILL NOT BE WATCHED...



YOUR CONVERSATIONS WILL NOT BE LISTENED TO...

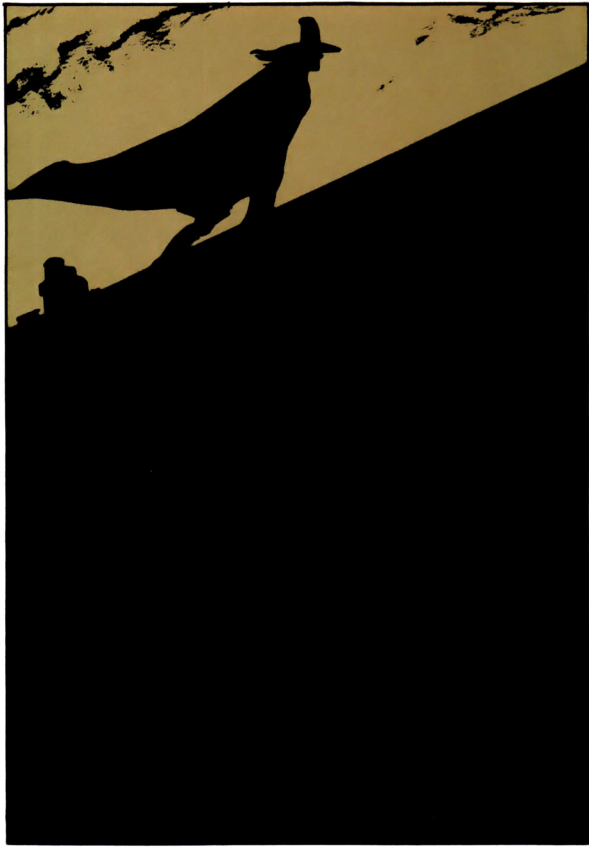


... AND DO WHAT GOD BLESS THOU WILT SHALL YOU ... BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

... AND GOODNIGHT.



END OF PROLOGUE





"NO TELLY?"

"WHAT, AN' NO RADIO NEITHER? WELL, THAT'S BLOODY MARVELOUS! 'ERE'S ME PAYIN' LICENSE MONEY AND..."

"'ERE 'ANG ABOUT: YOU SAID 'E BOMBED THE G.P.O. TOWER AS WELL, DOES THAT MEAN THEY CAN'T..."



BOLLOCKS.



"...AND SHE SAYS NONE OF THE MICROPHONES ARE WORKING EITHER!"

"WON'T SEEM THE SAME, USED TO LIKE THE WAY THEM LITTLE CAMERAS WENT FORWARDS AND BACK, STILL..."

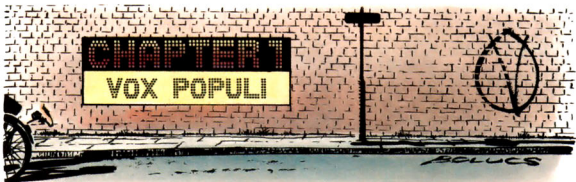
"I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'PROGRESS', EH?"

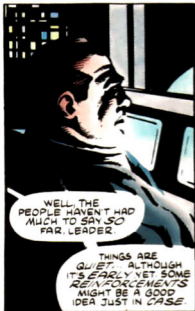


"...SO ANYWAY, WHEN WE 'EARD THE CAMERAS WERE OFF, WE WALKED ONE SUDDENLY, 'E SEZ 'NOBODY'S WATCHIN'. 'OW ABOUT IT?"

"BLOODY CHEEK! THINKS 'E CAN DO WHATEVER 'E LIKES!"

"ALTHOUGH, I SUPPOSE..."





WELL, THE PEOPLE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TO SAY SO FAR, LEADER.

THINGS ARE QUIET, ALTHOUGH IT'S EARLY YET SOME REINFORCEMENTS MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA JUST IN CASE.



MY PROBLEMS, WITH BUNNY... UH, MR. ETHERIDGE BEING BURIED IMMEDIATELY SOME OFFICERS HAVE REQUESTED FUNERAL LEAVE.

I DON'T LIKE GRANTING IT, SITUATION BEING WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'LL OBVIOUSLY UPSET MRS. ETHERIDGE, NOBODY TURNING UP...



THE OTHER PROBLEM'S MR. FINCH, HE'S BEEN ACTING FUNNY... ABSENT FOR TWO DAYS, NO CRITICISM INTENDED, LEADER, BUT PERHAPS DIRECTING THE NOSE IS A JOB...

"I LOVE YOU."

...FOR A YOUNGER MAN, AND...



I...

I'M SORRY LEADER?

D-DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?



NO, NO, I DON'T THINK SO.

SEND MRS. ETHERIDGE SOME FLOWERS WITH MY APOLOGIES, CANCEL ALL POLICE LEAVE AND DOUBLE THE MANPOWER ON THE STREETS.

OH YES... AND LOOTERS ARE TO BE SHOT.



THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. CREDY.

ENGLAND PREVAILS.



"NGMF GLEP GOR, WHAT ABOUT THESE BANGERS?"

"NO, CHLOF, I MEAN, I BELIEVE IN LAW'N'ORDER, BUT *BLACK MARKET* OR *NOT*, IF I 'ADNIT TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF THE OFFER, SOMB OTHER BUGGER WOULD 'AVE ..."

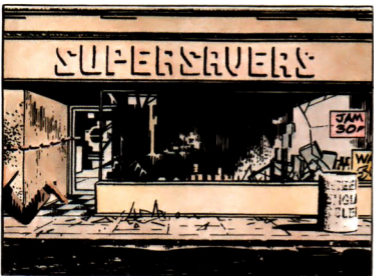
"GHMF PASS THE KETCHUP, AY?"



"...TO YOUR HOMES AND REMAIN CALM. NOTHING IS HAPPENING."

"THE SITUATION IS UNDER CONTROL, AND CITIZENS ARE ADVISED TO CARRY ON THEIR BUSINESS PRECISELY AS *NORMAL*."

"I REPEAT..."



"HELLO."

"I'D LIKE TO BUY A GUN."



OAH! Y'WANTAE BUY A SHOOTER, EH?

WULL, AM SHURA DONT KNOW WHY YUR ASKIN' ME, AM OOT FER A BEVVY, Y'KNOW? AM NO INTAE AT HIS GANGSTER SHITE.



I-I-I'VE GOT MONEY, I HEARD YOU WERE THE PERSON TO ASK, AND THIS SEEMED THE BEST TIME, WHILE THE MONITORS ARE OFF.



AYE, WELL, RIGHT ENUFF, BUT AM NO CONVINCED. YUR NO THE SHOOTER TYPE, KNOWHATTAMEAN? WHURE YE WANTIN' SHOOT?

NOBODY!

I... I JUST WANT PROTECTION, THINGS ARE SO THREATENING LATELY...



WHAT YUR WANTIN'S A MAN ABOUT THE PLACE, WEE GIRRLS SHOULDNAE FRIG ABOUT WI BLOODY CANNONS, ESS NO A WOMAN'S GAME.

I'VE GOT FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.



I CAN GIVE YOU HALF NOW, THE REST WHEN...

SHH, NO S'LOID, FER CHRIS-SAKES!

FOOR HUNDRED QUED, EH? AN YUR JUST AFTER WANTEN TAE PROTECT Y'ISEL?



YES,

HMM, WULL, MEET'IS ROONDS BAAK, CLOSEN TIME A'LL SEE WHUT A KEN DO.

A HOPE Y'KNOW HOWTAE HANDLE ON'THSE THINGS, MISSUS.



ESS NO A POP GUN, Y'KNOW WHUT AM SAYIN'? MAKESAN OFFLY BIG BANG, YU WAIT TEL YUR HOLDEN ONE, YU'LL SEE.

A'LL BE SEEN Y'LATER, THEN.

BYE FER NOO.



"BANG!!"



"...APPENIN' OVER EAST FINCHLEY TO-NIGHT."



"... JUST AS IF SHE WAS A PAK!! WELL, THEY'VE AD IT! THEY COME ROUND 'ERE TONIGHT, THEY'RE GUNNA GEDDA KICK IN THE 'ED..."

"A BIG KICK."

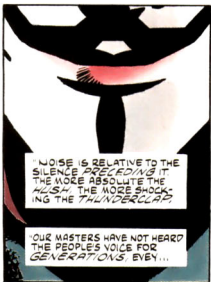
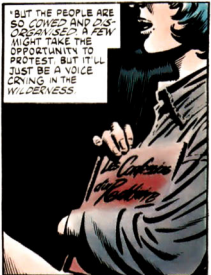


"IT DOES NOT DO TO RELY TOO MUCH ON SILENT MAJORITIES, SILENCE FOR SILENCE IS A FRAGILE THING..."

"ONE LOUD NOISE AND IT'S GONE."



"BUT THE PEOPLE ARE SO COWED AND DIS-ORGANISED A FEW MIGHT TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROTEST. BUT IT'LL JUST BE A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS"

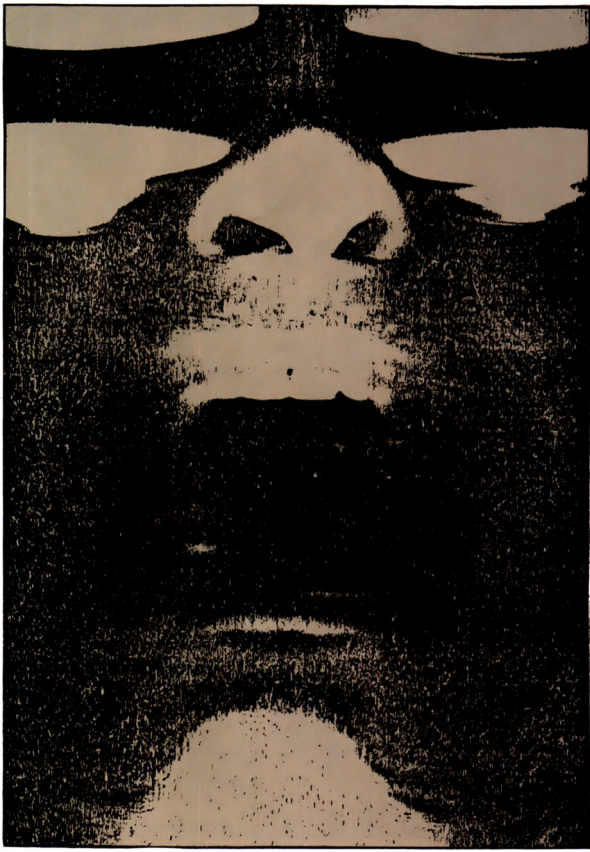


"NOISE IS RELATIVE TO THE SILENCE PRECEDING IT. THE MORE ABSOLUTE THE HUSH, THE MORE SHOCKING THE THUNDERCLAP."

"OUR MASTERS HAVE NOT HEARD THE PEOPLE'S VOICE FOR GENERATIONS, EYEE..."



"... AND IT IS MUCH, MUCH LOUDER THAN THEY CARE TO REMEMBER."



FINGERWAGON
VICTOR-CHARLEY-NINER,
REQUEST ASSISTANCE,
CROUCH END...

CAN'T FOLLOW
THEM INTO BRIXTON.
HALF THE MEN NEED
CHOLERA TABS,
AND...

URGENTLY
REQUEST

BEFORE LOOTERS
REACH DEPTFORD MARSHES,
WE NEED TWO MORE
CARS AND...

GREEN PARK,
MOST PEOPLE IN-
DOORS, BUT A CROWD
FORMING IN KING'S
ROAD AREA SEND

AGENCY,
ALL CARS IN
TOTTENHAM
AREA

CK'S SAKE
MAN, GET US
SOME BACK-
UP HERE

WHAT'S
THAT?

A LATE SEVENTIES
RADIO / CASSETTE, YOU
CAN TUNE THEM TO THE
POLICE BAND, EVEN
IN A BROADCASTING
BLACKOUT.

PROTESTING
THE EXECUTIONS.
IF WE CHARGE,
THEY MIGHT

RECOMMEND
TEAR GAS OR

VICTOR-
CHARLEY-NINER,
COME /N/, PLEASE.

THE OLD BROADWATER
FARM ESTATE, TELL
MR. CREEBY THERE'S
FIRES...

ALL THIS
RIOT AND UPROAR,
Y... IS THIS
ANARCHY?

IS THIS
THE LAND OF
DO-AS-YOU-
PLEASE?

PLEASE
RESPOND, REPEAT:
VICTOR-CHARLEY-
NINER...

NO, THIS IS ONLY THE LAND
OF TAKE-WHAT-YOU-WANT.
ANARCHY MEANS "WITHOUT
LEADERS"; NOT "WITHOUT
ORDER"

WITH ANARCHY
COMES AN AGE OF
ORDERING, OF TRUE
ORDER, WHICH IS TO
SAY VOLUNTARY
ORDER

THIS AGE OF ORDERING
WILL BEGIN WHEN
THE MAD AND INCO-
HERENT CYCLE OF
VERWIRRLUNG THAT
THESE BULLETINS
REVEAL HAS RUN ITS
COURSE.

THIS IS
CHAOS!

THIS
IS NOT
ANARCHY, EVE.

CHAPTER 2 VERWIRRLUNG

HOW DID YEATS
PUT IT ...

"TURNING AND
TURNING IN THE WIPERING
GYRE, THE FALCON CAN-
NOT HEAR THE FALCONER.
THINGS FALL
APART ...

"... THE
CENTRE CANNOT
HOLD."



THE RIOTS WILL STOP.
COMMUNICATIONS WILL
RESUME. LET ENGLAND
BRIEFLY MIND ITSELF.
AFTER MY TOIL, I AM
ENTITLED TO SOME
TENDERNESS.

I GAZE, ENTRANCED,
INTO YOUR EYE.
LUMINOUS FINGERS
STROKE MY FACE.

FROM YOUR WORLD OF
PURE MATH YOU TOUCH
ME, IN THIS SOLID AND
ENCUMBERING PLACE...

THERE: A HANGING? IT
WENT BY SO QUICKLY...
LETTERS; WORDS; A STADIUM
CROWD; SHAVED ASIAN
WOMEN HERDED THROUGH
THE SHOWERS...

TOO FAST TO REGISTER,
DOUBLE EXPOSED BY
MEMORY, IMAGES RACE
ACROSS YOUR GLASS,
HATCHING MY PULSE,
ACCELERATING...

OH GOD I'M... BURNING
SHOPS; A CHIMP CON-
VULSED BY SHOCKS...
THE FEELINGS, WHITE
SCREENS OH MY GOD, MY...

... FATE ...

OH ...

OH, MY
LOVE, MY ...
OOHHH ...

HHH-
HAHHH ...

AH.



"MERE ANARCHY
IS LOOSED UPON
THE WORLD."

INVOLUNTARY ORDER BREEDS DISSATISFACTION, MOTHER OF DISORDER; PARENT OF THE GUILLOTINE.



AUTHORITARIAN SOCIETIES ARE LIKE FORMATION SKATING. INTRICATE, MECHANICALLY PRECISE AND ABOVE ALL, PRECARIOUS. BENEATH CIVILISATION'S FRAGILE CRUST, COLD CHAOS CHURNS...



"...AND THERE ARE PLACES WHERE THE ICE IS TREACHEROUSLY THIN."



YUR UNDER ARREST.

AAA!

NAH, AM ORNY KIDDEN.



OH! OH GOD, YOU !!!

L-LOOK, I'VE GOT THE MONEY. DID YOU GET THE " THE THING" LIKE I ASKED ?

TO DEFEND MYSELF WITH ?

OH AYE, THES'LL DEFEND YE, RIGHT 'NUFF.



THES'LL DEFEND SOMEBODY'S ENNARDS ENTAE THE GUTTER.



AD ADVISE YE TE GET ET HOME CHECK. EF YUR SERZCHED AV NEVER SEEN YE IN MA LIFE.

N-NO, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL TAKE IT STRAIGHT HOME. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

THANK YOU.



YUR WULCOME.



HELLO, ALLY.

THOUGHT IT WAS TIME WE HAD A LITTLE CHIN-WAG.



MESTER CREEDY.

LUKE AM NO AWARE OF HAVIN DONE ANYTHENG TE UPSET ME...

HA HA HA! WHAT A LOAD OF BOLLOCKS. THERE'S G.B.H. ARMED ROBBERY PROBABLY A MURDER OR TWO...

YOU'RE QUITE A LAD, ALLY.



AA LUKE C'MOAN. GESSA BREAK, EH?

A BREAK? HA HA HA!

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU MORE THAN A BREAK, ME OLD SON.



I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A JOB.

IT'S THESE RIOTS, ALLY. THE FINGERS STRETCHED A BIT THIN AT PRESENT, AND I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO HIRE SOME EXTRA MUSCLE.



JUST FIND ME A FEW DOZEN HARD CASES, LOOKING FOR NIGHT WORK, CASH IN HAND. THERE'LL BE A COMMISSION FOR YOU, OBVIOUSLY. THINK YOU CAN DO THAT?

AHE, WELL...

GREAT STUFF, ALLY. GREAT STUFF!



WELCOME TO THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER.



AUTHORITY WHEN FIRST DETECTING CHAOS AT ITS HEELS, WILL ENTERTAIN THE VILEST SCHEMES TO SAVE ITS ORDERLY FACADE...

...BUT ALWAYS ORDER WITHOUT JUSTICE, WITHOUT LOVE OR LIBERTY, WHICH CANNOT LONG POSTPONE THEIR WORLD'S DESCENT TO PANDEMONIUM.

AUTHORITY ALLOWS TWO ROLES: THE TORTURER AND THE TORTURED; TWISTS PEOPLE INTO JOYLESS MANNEQUINS THAT FEAR AND HATE, WHILE CULTURE PLUNGES INTO THE ABYSS.

AUTHORITY DEFORMS THE REAKING OF THEIR CHILDREN, MAKES A COCKFIGHT OF THEIR LOVE...

ALL RIGHT, CONRAD. THAT'S ENOUGH. GET ME A TOWEL.

WHEN DID THE LEADER AUTHORIZE CREEDEY TO RECRUIT A GOON SQUAD?

LATE THIS AFTERNOON, DO YOU WANT YOUR ROBE, HELEN?

NO.
DIDN'T SUSAN REALIZE THAT CREEDEY'S ONLY WAITING FOR HIM TO CRACK COMPLETELY BEFORE MOVING IN WITH HIS PRIVATE ARMY AND STAGING A COUP?

THE LEADER MAY JUST BE UNDER STRAIN...

BALLS, CONRAD. HIS MIND'S DISINTEGRATING... AND WHEN IT GOES, I WANT YOU IN THE NUMBER ONE SEAT AND NOT THAT SECONDARY-SCHOOL OIK, CREEDEY.

I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING, AS USUAL.

YOU KNOW, YOU'RE QUITE A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG MAN, CONRAD, IF YOUR SUCCESS WASN'T ENTIRELY DUE TO MY EFFORTS I MIGHT EVEN FANCY YOU.

NOW, I'VE GOT THINGS TO ORGANISE IN THE MORNING, SO I'M GOING TO BED. I EXPECT I SHALL BE ASLEEP WHEN YOU COME UP.

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THE LIGHT ON IN HERE, WILL YOU?

AUTHORITY'S COLLAPSE SENDS CRACKS THROUGH BEDROOM, BOARDROOM, CHURCH AND SCHOOL ALIKE. ALL IS MISRALE.

EQUALITY AND FREEDOM ARE NOT LUXURIES TO LIGHTLY CAST ASIDE. WITHOUT THEM, ORDER CANNOT LONG ENDURE BEFORE APPROACHING DEPTHS BEYOND IMAGINING.

V, WAIT A MINUTE...
WE HAVEN'T BEEN
DOWN HERE BEFORE.
WHERE ARE WE
GOING? DO YOU HAVE
SOMETHING HIDDEN
DOWN HERE?

V?

V,
ANSWER
ME...

HELLO, THIS IS
LONDON
6482732...

ERIC FINCH
SPEAKING.

I'M NOT IN AT THE
MOMENT, BUT IF YOU
LEAVE YOUR NAME AND
NUMBER AFTER THE
TONE, I'LL GET BACK
TO YOU.

HELLO?

UH, HELLO.
THIS IS DOMINGO
AGAIN...

SUPPER

BT OR

LISTEN, JUST...
JUST GET IN TOUCH.
PLEASE. THERE'S PROBL-
EMS WITH MR. SUSAN
AND MR. CREECH. I CAN'T
SAY MUCH ON THE PHONE.

IT'S ALL COMING TO BITS,
MR. FINCH. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I SHOULD DO.

WELL, I,
UH... I SUPPOSE
THAT'S ALL.

GBYE.

TAKE CARE

REGISTERED POST
IT IS AN OFFENSE
TO DESTROY THIS
MAILING MATTER

V?

COME ON, V, I'M
WAITING FOR AN
ANSWER.
WHERE...?

THIS IS
MY SECRET
LOVE NEST,
EYE.

I'M MEETING
YOU TO MEET MY
MISTRESS.

YOUR WHAT?

IT IS A TANGLED AND UNHAPPY TALE OF HEARTS BETRAYED AND LOYALTIES MIS-PLACED.

IT WAS NOT I THAT STRANDED MY LOVE WAS JUSTICE, AND, INFATUATED WITH HER TRUTH AND LOVELINESS, I WORSHIPPED HER.

...UNTIL, BEHIND MY BACK, SHE TOOK UP WITH A MAN WHO VIOLATED AND ABUSED HER, SOMEONE PIECE AND BRUTAL WITH BURNED CHILDREN ON HIS BREATH.

HE CHANGED HER, SHE ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR LEATHER, CHAINS AND WHIPS.

THE JUSTICE THAT I LOVED WAS GONE; WHO HAD SUCH KINDLY EYES; WHO TOOK SUCH SMALL AND CAREFUL STEPS...

TRANSFORMED, SHE GLAZED THROUGH NARROW SLITS AND GROUND GOOD MEN BENEATH HER VICIOUS HEEL.

IMAGINE, WHEN I LEARNED OF HER AFFAIR ...

MY ANGER AND MY SHAME TO THINK HOW THEY'D MADE MOCK OF ALL THAT I LOVED MY JUSTICE AND HER, BESTIAL SWAIN, CAVORTING IN THEIR BLOODSTAINED SHEETS.

STILL, ALL IN LOVE AND WAR IS FAIR, THEY SAY THIS BEING BOTH, AND TURN-ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY.

THOUGH I MUST BEAR A CUCKOLD'S HORNS, THEY'RE NOT A CROWN THAT I SHALL BEAR ALONE.

YOU SEE, MY RIVAL, THOUGH INCINED TO ROAM, POSSESSED AT HOME A WIFE THAT HE ADDED.

HE'LL RUE HIS PROMISCUITY, THE ROGUE WHO STOLE MY ONLY LOVE, WHEN HE'S INFORMED HOW MANY YEARS IT IS ...

... SINCE FIRST I BEDDED HIS.

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a sign for 'NEW SCOTLAND YARD'. The sign is a large, rectangular board with a dark, possibly metallic, border. The text 'NEW SCOTLAND YARD' is written in a bold, blocky, sans-serif font, with each letter filled with a stippled or textured pattern. The sign is mounted on a dark, rectangular post. In the background, there are dark, silhouetted trees against a bright, overexposed sky. To the left, a portion of a building with a grid-like window pattern is visible. The overall image has a grainy, high-contrast aesthetic, similar to a photocopy or a stylized print.

THE NOSE.
NOVEMBER
7TH, 1898.

"ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
EVERYTHING'S POSSIBLE
NOTHING IS TRUE."

THEY'RE
LIKE LITTLE
LOVE NOTES.
WHO ISSUED
THEM?

LEARNING
THAT'S YOUR
DEPARTMENT.

MY CIVILIAN
AUXILIARY LADS
FOUND 'EM ON
VARIOUS LAY-
ABOUTS THEY
ROUNDED UP
THIS MORNING.

"I LOVE
THE RAIN,
I LOVE THE MOON,
I LOVE THE WIND
AND STARS..."

WORK OF A
NUTCASE COUNTRY'S
GOING BARNEY. 'KNOV
THERE'S FOOD RIOTS
IN MANCHESTER? OVER
A BLOODY COMPUTER
ERROR?

"... I'D LOVE
TO VISIT YOU
QUITE SOON
AND KISS YOU
THROUGH THE
BARS."

WHAT'S
IT
MEAN?

IT MEANS TROUBLE,
SON. TIMES LIKE THIS,
BLOKE NEEDS TO KNOW
WHO HIS FRIENDS
ARE.

TAKE YOU,
NOW... ACTING HEAD
OF THE NOSE SINCE
BALDY DISAPPEARED
DODGY POSITION. THINGS
AROUND HERE COULD
CHANGE OVERNIGHT.

OVER-
NIGHT.

'COURSE THE
LEADERS MARYELLOUS,
BUT WELL, IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED WHO'D FILL
THE VOID? HAVE TO
CONSIDER THESE
THINGS, EN?

"I KNOW, I
NEVER COTTONED TO
FINCH, BUT I COULD
COTTON TO YOU."

MAYBE OUR
DEPARTMENTS COULD
CO-OPERATE MORE
IN FUTURE,
PERHAPS...

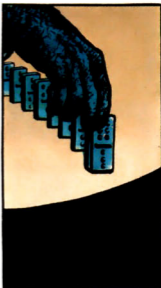
"I LOVE YOU,
BUT WHY MUST
YOU LOVE THE LAW?
IT'S PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE
THAT SHE'S A WHORE..."

"... THAT
VIRTUOUS PERSONS
HAVE NO NEED TO WOO;
THAT VILLAINS SCREW,
THEY STUDDIOUSLY
IGNORE."

HA,
QUITE FUNNY,
THAT.

CAN YOU
FIND YOUR
OWN WAY OUT?

CHAPTER 3 VARIOUS VALENTINES





ORGANIZEN A PROTEST AGAINST THE SHOOTENS, EH?

A WULL, SLENG THE LETTLE GOABSHITE EN THE WAA'N W' THE REST. CAN Y'NO SEE AM, ON MA LUNCHBREAK?



MORNING, ALLY. KEEPING BUSY?

A, ET'S A DODDLE. ALL A THUS MONEY FUR DAMAGIN' SOME PUIZ BASTUD AN TACHIN AP THUR MESSUSEZ EN THE STREP. SERRCH.



YUZ COPPERS 'RE CLEVER BASTUDS. KEEPEN THESS NUMBER TAE YOURSELN.

HAHA, WELL, PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT, YOUR LADS COULD HAVE REGULAR WORK HERE.

I LIKE YOUR STYLE, AND WITH THINGS HOW THEY ARE, A LITTLE AUXILIARY FORCE COULD COME IN VERY HANDY.



SAY FOR EXAMPLE I OFFERED FOUR HUNDRED A WEEK.

I MEAN, FOR THAT I'D WANT YOUR GUARANTEED LOYALTY IF PUSH COME TO SHOVE, UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?



A THINK A MIGHT HAV AN ENKLENG.

WELL, THINK ON. I COULD PROMISE GOOD PROSPECTS IN ANY SYSTEM THAT MIGHT DEVELOP, YOU KNOW...

IF PUSH COME TO SHOVE.



SEE, THINGS ARE PRECARIOUS. APPARENTLY, THEY'VE HAD POWER FAILURES IN LIVERPOOL. IF THAT HAPPENED HERE...

A, NAE BOTHER. FUR FOOR HUNNERD QUED, YEV MA FULL SUPPORT.

NOW, EF YU'LL EXCUSE ME...



OFF ALREADY? NOT PURSUING OTHER BUSINESS INTERESTS, I HOPE?

NAH, ET'S JUSS THESS BERRD.

LESSEN, A FOOND SOME MAIR, O THEY LETTERS. Y' BETTER HAVE 'EM TAE LUKE AT.



SEE YUZ LATER, A'RIGHT?





HULLO, MESSER. A GOAT YER MESSAGE. SORRY AM LATE AN A' THAT...

IN FUTURE, YOU'LL BE PUNCTUAL. I DON'T LIKE WAITING.

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?



AHE, YER THE MESSER D' THAT BLOKE RUNNEN THE EYE.

AND YOU'RE RUNNEN CREEDEY'S CIVILIARY AUXILIARY FORCE.

YOU KNOW HE'S PLANNING A *COURT*? HE WANTS TO BE LEADER.



A WULL, A KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT ANN O' THAT...

DON'T PLAY DUMB. THIS IS A STRAIGHT FORWARD BUSINESS DECISION: CREEDEY WANTS TO BE LEADER; I WANT CONRAD TO BE LEADER.

HOW MUCH IS HE PAYING YOU?



WULL, UH, AM GETTIN' FIVE HUNNED AT PRESENT...

REALLY? I'D HAVE THOUGHT FOUR HUNDRED MAXIMUM.

I'M PREPARED TO OFFER S/X, PLUS AN INCREASE UPON YOUR THUGS' CURRENT WAGES.



HE DON'T PESS ABOUT, DO HE? WHAT'S MA JOAB?

YOU CARRY ON WORKING FOR CREEDEY, DRAWING HIS WAGES, BUT REPORTING TO ME...

... AND WHEN THE TIME COMES, YOU REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE REALLY WORKING FOR.



LUKE, AM NO AGGRAVATIN' THE POLIS. CREEDEY'S RUNNEN THE FENGER...

HARPER, DO AS I SAY AN YOU'LL SOON BE RUNNEN THE FINGER.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT CREEDEY, HE'S IN A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION...



LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS PREDECESSOR.



DEREK ...

DEREK, YOU WERE USELESS, THEN YOU DIED. THAT'S ALL.

YOU DIED AND I CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHTS

YOU DIED AND LEFT ME BARE IN FRONT OF STRANGERS.

DEREK, WHEN WE MARRIED, YOU REMEMBER, I WAS WORKING AT THE BANK AND YOU WERE IN INSURANCE. WE WERE GOING TO BUY A HOUSE IN SURREY, PERHAPS HAVE CHILDREN. THAT WAS IN '57...

JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

AND THEN, IN '52, YOU JOINED THE PARTY.

MRS RAYN NEXT DOOR LOANED US FOOD ALL THROUGH THE WAR YEARS. WHEN THEY DRAGGED HER AND HER CHILDREN OFF IN SEPARATE VANS WE DIDN'T INTERVENE.

...AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I WALK HOME ALONE EACH NIGHT THROUGH RIOT LONES, PAST LOOTINGS, SHOOTINGS, BURNING BUILDINGS...

NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CROUCH LIKE AN ANIMAL AND OFFER MY HIND-QUARTERS IN SUBMISSION TO THE WORLD.

NOW YOU'RE DEAD AND I CAN'T SLEEP FOR BEING SCARED; FOR LYING, HATING; THINKING "WHO HAS DONE THIS TO ME?"

I CAN'T SLEEP FOR WANTING JUSTICE; WANTING ALL THE WORLD TO KNOW OF ITS UNFAIRNESS...

CAN'T SLEEP FOR THE GUN BENEATH MY PILLOW.



TA VERY MUCH.

Y'KNOW, YOU WON'T FIND ANYWHERE TO SLEEP OUT HERE. THERE'S NO BED AND BREAKFASTS ANYMORE. WERE YOU THINKING OF CAMPING OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

YES.



SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



THIS IS FOR YOU, DELIA. YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY.

I WAS HAPPY WITH YOU. YES, YES, I WAS HAPPY WITH CYNTHIA AND LITTLE PAUL, BUT THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.

I'D GOTTEN OVER THAT.



I'M DOING THIS FOR YOU, DELIA.

FOR THE COUNTRY, YES, THAT TOO; AND FOR ME, OF COURSE FOR ME; BUT YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY.



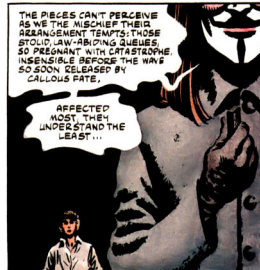
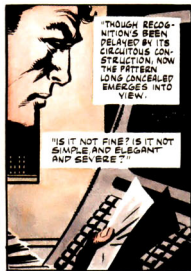
YOU'RE THE REASON I CAME HERE.

THIS IS WHERE IT STARTED.



THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS.







"...AND UNDERSTANDING, WHEN IT COMES, INVARIABLY ARRIVES TOO LATE."

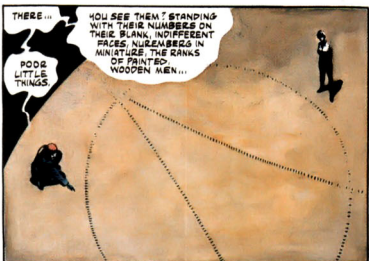


INDEED, THEY'LL NOT KNOW ANYTHING'S AMISS UNTIL THEY'VE CAUGHT UP IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENTUM, POSSIBLY MISTAKING IT AT FIRST FOR BOLD DECISIVE ACTION, SOME LAST MINUTE RALLY TO AVERT DISASTER, CHARGING TO THE RESCUE ...



"... BUT THEY ARE NOT CHARGING."

"THEY ARE FALLING."



POOR LITTLE THINGS.

YOU SEE THEM? STANDING WITH THEIR NUMBERS ON THEIR BLANK, INDIFFERENT FACES, NUREMBERG IN MINIATURE, THE RANKS OF PAINTED, WOODEN MEN ...



"POOR DOMINOES."

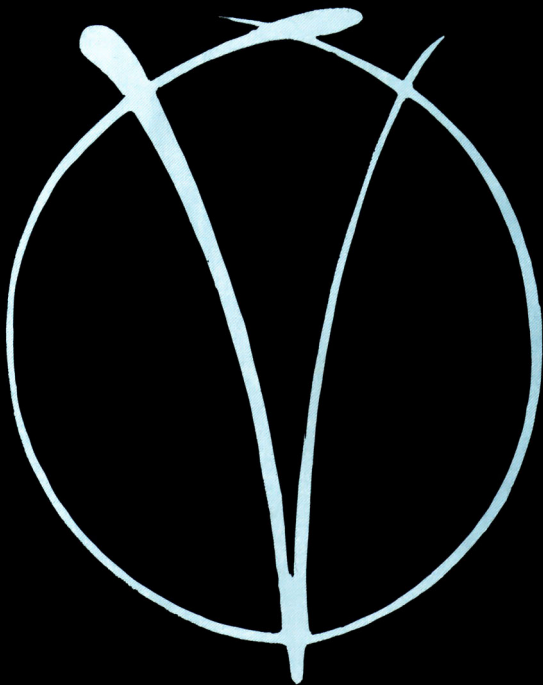
"YOUR PRETTY EMPIRE TOOK SO LONG TO BUILD, NOW, WITH A SNAP OF HISTORY'S FINGERS ..."



... DOWN IT GOES.







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